CHRIST OR KAISER ?

THE MAIN ISSUE.

by

PAUL TYNER

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IF YOU find this little brochure a compelling call for decision, as well as a sure heartener to the decided, you will naturally want to pass the good thing along to your friends, be they among the waverers or on the firing line and in the training camps. To facilitate the widest possible circulation for the message of "CHRIST OR KAISER?" the special price is made of 4s. 6d. for twenty copies net, *or 5s. 6d. for twenty copies post paid.*

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CHRIST OR KAISER?

The Great War's Main Issue

By PAUL TYNER

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"Through the Invisible," etc.

"Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's"

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These things shall be! A loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,
Not to spill human blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth and fire and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

—JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

CHRIST OR KAISER?

THE CHOICE offered in this great hour is as plain as it is vital. It is the choice between Christ and Kaiser.

The one stands for Light and Life and Love —the reign of justice and righteousness on the earth and the hastening of the coming of the Great Day of the Lord; the other stands for a benighted reversion to the darkness and chaos of a military despotism and for the crushing out of every noble and generous aspiration of the human soul. Decision is demanded, and that without paltering, equivocation or delay.

Decision Demanded.

It is not possible longer to loiter in the valley of indecision. Every man and every woman of us must enlist under the banner of Christ, or under the banner of Kaiser. There can be no middle ground, no dodging. Lack of decision for Christ is practically decision for Christ's adversary. Whether acting or refraining from action, we muster ourselves on one side or the other.

The man who is not positively for England in this hour of need is for England's enemy and

might as well be wearing the Kaiser's uniform. Our old proverb about the man who dons the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in should come home to him.

Where do *you* stand? Are you where you rightly belong? What is your reply to the searching question: "UNDER WHICH BANNER, O Briton?"

Understanding plainly what this war means, let us see how inevitable it is that every man and every woman must regard explicit decision as imperative.

Humanity is facing *the* crisis of all its history. No man worthy of the name can endure for a moment not to acquaint himself with the tremendously vital nature of the crisis. No one can with honour evade the searching out of the hearts of men which the time compels.

Happily for the future of the race, men are waking on every side to the terrific exigency of the hour. The cause of the Allies is in itself such a trumpet-blast as should rouse the dead. It should wake the veriest lotus-eater from slumber in the primrose paths of dalliance.

This day, O Men of Britain, are your souls required of you! This is the Day of Judgment indeed, the great winnowing out of the chaff from the wheat. Now are you summoned by

the Almighty to arise and stand in your true places as warriors for God and the Right.

What England Means.

Ye are marshalled for a fray that is to decide through all coming ages the destiny of England! And in this great day *England*, more than at any previous time in all her glorious history, should be a name to conjure with; a potent word, and one making irresistible appeal to all that is truest and best, all that is clean and sweet, all that is noble, strong and valiant in man born of woman.

England! Do you not thrill at the very sound of the word? And why? because it vibrates like the clarion note of a bugle that strikes a responsive chord in your heart of hearts, your soul of souls. It is the word that means home and kindred, that tells of tender and precious memories and sentiments that are interwoven with the very tissues and currents of your body. It is because the name stirs in your flesh and blood the web and woof of thousand-yeared traditions of unfailing love and heroism, that make you one with all the brave and noble, the good and great, the freedom-loving and heroic breed to whom England has given birth and nurture, and who have in turn made England's history one of glory and splen-

dour, as of sweetness and light. Meaning all this, England means to-day the fine flowering and fruitage of national ideas and ideals in the wide-flung Empire of Britain—and in the entire Anglo-Saxon race—its aspirations and achievements, its promise and its destiny.

Nay, more than all this, we must face the great fact that on the outcome of the conflict which now calls for our alignment on one side or the other will depend *the destinies of mankind* through years that stretch far into the future.

Responsibility and Opportunity.

On you, Men of Britain, whether in camp or on the firing line, in bivouac or battle, afloat or ashore, rests a tremendous responsibility. And with it is given to you opportunity more magnificent than shall ever come again to man on this planet. Never, through all the centuries that have brought us to this hour, have men battled and bled, lived and died for a grander cause. Peers of the realm, commoners of ancient lineage, scions of noble houses, men of distinction in all walks of life, royalty itself, equally with the humblest man of the people, now gladly seek and find in the privilege of defending England's cause at this time new and greater ennoblement, brighter lustre of renown, higher destiny, than any ordinary fame

could confer. They seek and find in this grand service a joy and satisfaction beyond the power of money to buy.

And why?

Because they realize that in battling for the honour—the very life—of England to-day, they are battling for Eternal Right—battling to win for the peoples of Christendom the power to stand on their feet erect in all the proud strength of *free* peoples.

Shall the War Lord Rule?

Lives there a man with soul so small and so base as to willingly blind himself to this opportunity and this duty? Can it be conceived that a being with red blood in his veins and a mind above the slave's shall falter in his one duty to grasp this glorious privilege, knowing that to falter means to incur the risk and the blame of consigning himself and his children and his brothers' children the world over to the black doom of military despotism regnant? Will any choose—even by inaction—to allow humanity to be ground into the dust of serfdom to a Kaiser drunk with power?

Are you willing that your motherland and your mothers—the mothers of men the world over—shall be made to bend the neck under

the heels of a War Lord maddened by insatiate lust for world-dominion?

Now as never before in the world's history, England's call to arms is the call of *Humanity*. It is the call of Love and Justice, of Right and Wisdom. It is the call of Freedom and Progress. And, because it is all this, it is *the call of the Christ* that we go forth in the full panoply of the Spirit of Truth, putting on the whole armour of God, to meet and overcome the embattled hosts of a crass and brutal Mammonism.

Surely, surely, the freedom-loving sons of these isles will answer the call with constantly increasing eagerness and swiftness. Once they clearly realize the inevitable appeal of the Christ to all that is true and noble and to all that is high and holy in their manhood, they cannot hesitate, for to hesitate is to refuse.

In very truth, we stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord!

> "What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
> Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
> And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
> Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

Nor do we fight alone. Shoulder to shoulder with us Saxons and Celts of the British Isles are fighting the brave and gallant Belgians, the

flower of Russian fervour and of French chivalry—the great Slavonic and Gallic peoples who through the centuries have been bold and fearless fighters for freedom.

The Kaiser's Challenge.

The genius and the energy of these now allied races is gloriously blended in the present crusade —a crusade not merely for the rescue of the sepulchre of a dead saviour, but for the enthronement in the hearts of men and in their lives of THE LIVING CHRIST—for the salvation of the world from the menace of Cæsarism, incarnated for the nonce in the German Kaiser.

As the embodiment of Prussian militarism, the Kaiser has flung down his gauntlet in braggart challenge to Civilization. He has made it plain that he represents that anti-Christian spirit of crass and brutal materialism of which Prussian militarism is the logical apotheosis. This is the spirit that proclaims its swinish and shameful aim in the Nietzschian doctrine that "Might makes right"—meaning simply that WRONG IS MADE RIGHT BY THE POWER TO PERPETRATE WRONG !

Lift up your souls, O men of Britain, and let your hearts be lifted up ! Arthur of the Table

Round, Richard of the Lion's Heart, Drake and Marlborough, Hawkins and Cromwell, Nelson and Wellington, Havelock and Napier, Gordon and Wolseley—all are looking down on you from the Olympus of ascended heroes. All the valiant and true captains who have in the past led our fleets and armies to victory and whose life-blood gives to our flag a brighter *red*, as their sincerity gives it a purer *white*, and their loyalty and devotion a deeper *blue*—not forgetting the captain so lately called to his reward, good old "Bobs"—are fighting with you, Soldiers of Britain, on sea and land. They are sharing in your fervour on the firing line, in your endurance of hardship on the march, in your vigils on the sea and in the air, in your determination to win. They are one with you in heroic consecration of all, to the last drop of blood and the last ounce of energy, for the defence of ENGLAND and all for which England has come to stand in this *Great Day of God.*

Humanity's Fate at Stake.

For, again let it be emphasized, this is no petty controversy as to frontiers, no mere squabble over extension of trade or of territory, no family quarrel over dynastic succession. Those who put the war down to any such cause

have yet to realize what it is that has set the world in arms.

Irrepressible Conflict.

It is nothing less than *the fate of humanity* that is to be decided by the final outcome of the titanic struggle, which, even in its preliminary skirmishes along the wide-flung battle lines of France and Belgium and adown Germany's eastern frontier, has already thrown into the shade every previous war in the number of men engaged, as in the extent and fierceness of the fighting and the frightfulness of the slaughter and destruction involved.

This war is, without question, the projection on a stage of world-wide dimensions, for the largest possible dramatization in human history, of the eternal and irrepressible conflict between the forces of Ormuzd and those of Ahriman, between Darkness and Light, between Good and Evil, between God and Baal, between Love and Lust—between CHRIST AND CÆSAR.

On the surface, to be sure, the war is but a war of nations. But, more than ever before in the life of our planet, the clash of nations has broadened into a clash of principles—principles of universal and eternal import. That is why it has racial significance. None the less, the war

has distinct and immediate national and *individual* significance. Immediate and individual integrity and well-being are dependent on the outcome quite as much as is national integrity and well-being. And this is true for *all* the nations of the earth, whether actually engaged or not.

Coming directly home to each of us, therefore, the occasion is one that bids each man of us "CHOOSE!" and that with an urgency permitting of no evasion or delay.

Lines written by James Russell Lowell, one time Ambassador of the United States at the Court of St. James—lines written during a crisis in the great struggle for the preservation of the American Union and the emancipation of the negro—have striking application to the present world-crisis:

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new messiah, offering each the bloom and blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right—
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light."

The Great Decision.

At such a time as this there can be no neutrals among either nations or individuals. The main and burning issue is not one between nation and nation merely; *it is between Christ and Kaiser.* It stands out so sharply that no sane man can delude himself into thinking that he may with any conscience at all either dodge or evade it. There is no possible middle course when the issue is so clearly drawn.

Every man who at all realizes the tremendous meaning of the crisis must decide one way or the other—must decide for Christ or for Kaiser. No man can serve two masters. The honest man knows that to give Christ second place in such an emergency as has come upon us, "like a thief in the night," would be to give him no place, a virtual denial of the Master. It would be in effect a going over to the enemy, an enrolment under the banner of the Kaiser, a betrayal of cause and country, a betrayal of one's own soul.

The darkness and the horror of this war at last make it plain that the man who at this hour is not for Christ—for the enthronement in the world and in his own soul of Right and Justice as against Might and Injustice—

is for Cæsar, for the embodiment of brutal and ruthless subjugation of the soul of man to the arch-enemy of mankind, the Prince of Darkness.

The Underlying Cause.

The call to arms has been and will continue to be responded to with nothing short of religious fervour by the men of Great Britain—and the men of the Greater Britain overseas—because of a spiritual awareness that it is a war based on more than any ordinary "justification" in the way of violated treaties or national jealousies. Back of all the *pourparlers*, all the white books and yellow books and orange books, the soul of Britain has sensed a deeper and underlying cause for the cosmic assize that is now "parting the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right."

What is this real and deeper cause for the conflict?

What but the final emergence in the world of the irrepressible conflict between Christ and Cæsar, or Kaiser.

Mammon, the German "zeitgeist," desperately opposes with utmost resources of military power and scientific organization the onward march of Progress, the steady and inevitable adjustment of men's hearts and men's minds

and lives to the complete establishment of the kingdom of God on earth.

Christ, bringing into order and harmony every arrangement of the social structure and enthroning nationally and internationally, as in and between individuals, the law of love as the ruling authority everywhere, is squarely challenged and opposed by *Kaiser* claiming rule and dominion for Mammon.

Between Christ and Antichrist.

It will help, surely, in all discussion of the war, and especially in all appeals for full and prompt response to Lord Kitchener's call for MORE MEN, if we will eliminate the surplusage of all subsidiary considerations and keep the stress where it belongs on the real issue, the main issue.

To call a spade a spade, this war is simply and certainly *the duel to the death between Christ and Antichrist,* between the Spirit of Truth and the Father of Lies.

We have in Prussian militarism the supreme development of militarism pure and simple in our modern day. And militarism is always the logical flowering and fruitage of Mammon worship—of a blind and blatant materialism.

The tares and the wheat have come up together and the field is ripe for the harvest.

The tares of self-seeking motives and endeavour (with all their attendant vices of lying, swindling, robbery, deceit, hypocrisy, envy, jealousy and all uncharitableness) are waiting for the scythe. Militarism is the fruit of materialism —of that spiritual blindness men call " selfishness "—ripe to rottenness and ready to be plucked up by the roots and cast into the fire.

Apotheosis of Brute Force.

To change the figure, militarism, as the Kaiser presents it, is but the pomp and show of the false god of Brute Force, which would vaingloriously subdue and subjugate to its own selfish aggrandizement and gratification all the finer instincts and impulses of the human soul.

In the war now upon us, we have writ large the warfare between the Flesh and the Spirit in which every individual is perpetually engaged. It is the same soul-struggle, although dramatized and pictured on a stupendous scale, so that he who runs may read, and the wayfaring man though a fool may not err therein.

The law of the jungle and the wild beast that " he shall take who has the power and he shall keep who can "—an epitome of the Nietzschian creed which the Kaiser and his Junkers have

adopted for their very own—is now boldly opposed by the grand faith of the Soul of Man realizing his divine nature and destiny as a spiritual being in the light of Christ's teaching, and going forth to war against The Beast in serene reliance on the invincible power of Right, the ever-victorious leadership of the Captain of our Salvation.

"Forevermore, the soul of Greece conquers
the bulk of Persia!"

Belgium's Dauntless Stand.

Is there any escaping the tremendous spiritual import of the courage and gallantry that have made the record of Belgian prowess in the very outset of this war as thrilling a story as any sung by Homer in praise of Greek prowess? Has not the heroism that made Liége, Namur and Antwerp names worthy of place beside Marathon and Thermopylæ given new colour to our entire twentieth century thought, given the whole world a spiritual renaissance that must contribute marvellously to the lifting up of the Christ that lifts all men and all life with him?

What inspiration and incentive to valour we have in the dauntless stand of the men of Belgium against fearfully overwhelming odds on the merely material side!

We owe it to them that Franee and England have not already been humbled in the dust by an uneheeked Kaiser riding at the head of his troops under the Are de Triomphe. Theirs the undying glory and renown of souls faithful to the uttermost; souls daring and risking all to stand in the path of the Kaiser's ruthless hordes, souls eommanding wills instant to strike for the right as they saw the right.

Britons are proud and happy to honour the eourage and the saerifiee of the Belgians. And they feel that they eannot better honour the Belgians than by emulating their splendid example. That is why again and again, in the eourse of the last 150 days of terrifie fighting in the western theatre of war, they have faeed and repulsed attaeks by forees outnumbering them by three to one and even five to one. This is why the roll of honour lengthens steadily, and the Vietoria Cross, insignia of eourage in the faee of danger, is won by deeds of gallantry whieh day after day shine with ever-heightening brillianey.

What are these deeds, whieh in marked degree are aceomplished for the saving of wounded eomrades, as well as the storming of trenehes and the engaging single-handed of whole gun erews, but flashes of SPIRIT, signals of the emergence of the Godlike image and likeness

wielding weapons that are not earnal but spiritual and mighty for the pulling down of strongholds of wrong?

Under an Invincible Captain.

The strength of Sir Galahad was as the strength of ten, *because his heart was pure.* Wielded by men fully assured of the righteousness of their eause, by men imbued with the Christ spirit and so knowing that they fight under an invineible commander, sword and rifle and maxim and howitzer beeome spiritual weapons endowed with immensely superior effeetiveness when pitted against the massed maehinery of soulless materialism.[1]

Slowness in proving to the world and to ourselves that sueh valour as the Belgians showed must not be displayed in vain, would have been

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[1] Strikingly illustrative of the puissance of the Christ-spirit transcending the "power and the might" of material force in any form is the following passage from Balzac's *Louis Lambert:*

"Jesus Christ was to him the type of his system. . . . I remember to have heard him say, in this connection, that the noblest work to be done in the present day would be a history of the Primitive Church. He was never, to my knowledge, so far uplifted towards poesy as in a conversation which led him one evening to examine the miracles performed by the power of will during that grand epoch of Faith. He found the strongest proofs of his theory in the martyrdoms of the first century, which he called the 'great era of thought.'

"'The phenomena which happened during many of the tortures so heroically borne by the Christians to establish their faith, go to prove,' he said, 'that material force will never prevail against the power of ideas nor against the will of man. Each one of us may accept this effect produced by the will of all as evidence in favour of our own will.'"

craven and cowardly on our part—a shame to our British breed.

Lost all to Save Honour.

The promptitude with which Britons are answering Lord Kitchener's call speaks their full and prompt appreciation of faith to plighted word sealed with the blood of Belgium's bravest. That appreciation is heightened by thankfulness for the peaceful security of bustling cities, engardened homes, fruitful fields and orchards throughout England safeguarded by Belgium's magnificent sense of honour, even at the utter sacrifice of her own fair land, its farms and gardens and workshops, its grand old cathedrals, priceless treasures of civic architecture and temples of learning.

They might have saved their country from this certain and awful destruction, their people from countless woes and miseries, had they listened to the Tempter. For unopposed passage of German troops through Belgian territory they were offered full protection and a large monetary indemnity. Proudly spurning the bribe, they risked and lost all else, that honour might be kept untarnished.

In desolated homes, ruined cities, slaughtered old men and children, outraged womanhood, sacrilegiously bombarded shrines, in the tramp-

ling down for the time of their very nationality, as of their country, under the insolent goose-step of the invader, the Belgians have been made to suffer to the uttermost. But they have kept honour. *British* honour will also be saved whole and British homes safeguarded—Christ gloriously vindicated against Kaiser, *if*——

If Britons. If Britons will only make good their proud boast that they "never, never shall be slaves."

If Britons, with like promptness of decision and of *action* and with like consecration of purpose, shall rally to the standard of their country the standard of Truth and Justice, of Freedom and Right.

If Britons will with unanimous eagerness of desire stand by *their* colours.

If Britons will with entire unity of spirit mass and concentrate their spiritual, mental and physical forces on the one great and immediate demand for bringing this war to an honourable conclusion, and thus ushering in the *thousand years of peace*—a desideratum possible only through the complete conquest of the foe who is the foe of civilization and of Christendom; possible only by the utter annihilation of that militant mammonism of which the

Kaiser is the blatant exponent and crowned protagonist.

Heaviest Artillery.

These words are penned in no spirit of hatred or vindictiveness. Motives of highest and largest love impel their publication. The highest good of Germany and the Germans—the good even of William of Hohenzollern as a human soul apart from his black and unhappy rôle of Antichrist—must be found in humanity's highest good. Deepest love to God and Man—love for Truth and the Right, love for love—demands that those responsible for the sowing of the diabolical mines of militarism in life's highways should be taught a final and unforgetable lesson—deprived forever of command of a nation's resources and of the power ever again to blind and hypnotize a people into supporting their pretensions or following their lead into the awful inferno of a war of lustful aggression.

To that end, let us show Germany and the world that while it may seem for a time, in the words of the arch-militarist of a century ago, that "God is on the side of the heaviest artillery," the greater truth is that in the long run (and not so very long a run) the heaviest artillery is sure to be found on the side of God. "The stars in their courses fight against Sisera."

Menace of Militarism.

Calm analysis of the political philosophy evolved by that brilliant madman Friederich Nietzsche, now dominant alas! in Germany and become the bible of the Prussian officer, shows its ruling thought to be "I am IT and my nation is your damnation." Power for a nation, Nietzsche taught, and his disciples teach, is the power to knock another nation down and dance on its mangled but still sentient body. Christianity and chivalry, loyalty and honour are to be ruled out by a nation which wishes to be powerful and to impose its will on "a world that requires hardening for its health's sake."

The acceptance by them of this demoniacal teaching makes it possible to understand how militarism has become an obsession of the German ruling class and turned the German military State into a State militant, a deadly menace to all the world's wider and more profound sanities and spiritualities.

The Kaiser's contempt for "Kitchener's little army" simply followed in the path blazed by Nietzsche and his congener Treitschke, in their elaborate pronunciamentoes of contempt for the power and might residing in the *morale* of an army reflecting the *morale* of an aroused and

determined people. An English moral *resurgence* seemed to them unthinkable.

In the present Teutonic onslaught on civilization, comparable indeed to the descent of Attila and his fierce Huns and Vandals on Greece and Rome—to the coming down of the wolf on the fold—such an emergence of the soul of a people seems to have been left entirely out of the reckoning by the Kaiser and his Junkers.

Things that are Cæsar's.

The final and sufficient answer to this philosophy of "a bludgeon decorated with the fluttering ribbons of an irridescent rhetoric" must be given to Germany in display of the unconquerable spirituality of the weak and oppressed—the soul to dare and the will to do and to endure everything which inspired the heroic resistance of Belgium—the invincible resolve of every man and woman of Britain, as of France and of Russia, to pledge their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honour—their every thought, motive and endeavour—wholly to *the triumph of the cause of Christ* against Kaiser.

If it shall be said that the German Overlord has plunged the world into war with all its horrors merely to satisfy a vaunting ambition for the supremacy of the State with which, like "le grand monarque," he identifies his own person,

let it be remembered that "Kaiser" means Cæsar and that Cæsar means material rule and dominion. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and render unto God the things that are God's."

Let it be remembered, too, that ambition and arrogance are fruits not of the Spirit, but of Materialism—of that sowing to the flesh of which the sure harvest is "corruption," even as from his sowing to the Spirit man shall reap "eternal life."

Mammonism Gone Mad.

Should it be said that the avarice of German traders and manufacturers avid for new markets and incidental colonial and commercial expansion, reckless of the rights and welfare of other peoples, has loosed the dogs of war, let us remember again that *avarice*, whether in Germany or England, France, Russia, or America, is another rank growth of materialism run mad and ever at war with the Spirit that quickeneth as against the letter that killeth.

Should it be urged that unfairness and indirection, espionage and deception, dishonourable violation of solemn pacts and treaties, revolting cruelties in the killing of wounded foes and non-combatants, old men and women and children, the shelling of unfortified cities and

towns, and all the ruthless vandalism shown in the wanton destruction of sacred edifices and masterpieces of architecture have characterized *German* ways in war, it may be pointed out that ferocity, anger, envy, jealousy, hate, lying and looting, wanton destruction and waste of blood and treasure, are all the only-to-be-expected by-products of mammonism gone blind and sowing the seeds of its own destruction.[1]

How Hatred Blinds.

Demonstration of the invincible might of British and Belgian, as of French *morale* in the steady pushing back almost from the gates of Paris to the Belgian frontier of an immensely superior (in numbers) German force has been dwelt upon. We have in the words of Mr. Winston Churchill's letter to the Mayor of Scarborough, following the recent raid on undefended English coast towns, an exact putting of the effects on the soul and action of a nation, as of an individual, of the passion of hatred. He says :

"Nothing proves more plainly the effectiveness of British naval pressure than the frenzy of hatred roused against us in the breasts of the enemy. This hatred

[1] Joseph Bibby, in *Bibby's Annual* for 1915, sums up the causes of the war and its great meaning in this connection in a phrase which condenses the whole law into an axiom that is simply incontrovertible. "All wrong-doing in the world," he says, "is a deflection of the judgment by the bias of self-seeking desire."

has already passed the frontiers of reason. It clouds their vision, it darkens their counsels, it convulses their movements. We see a nation of military calculators throwing calculation to the winds; of strategists who have lost their sense of proportion; of schemers who have ceased to balance loss and gain. . . . Their hate is the measure of their fear. Its senseless expression is the proof of their impotence and the seal of their dishonour.

The Kaiser Antichrist.

It is with the Kaiser, then—the Kaiser in his official and representative, rather than his personal, capacity—that we are logically to identify not merely Prussian militarism, but also, what is much more to the point, with that crystallization of the maleficent thoughts and motives springing from man's lower and unenlightened nature, and which the scriptures mystically designate as *Antichrist*. And this for the much more cogent reasons here indicated than because of any fanciful identifications found in the prophecy of a more or less mythical "Frater Johannes."

Just as the Eternal Spirit of Love and Truth (Light and Life of the World) becomes incarnated on the earth at regularly recurring intervals in a man or a woman for human guidance and world-redemption, so the adverse and opposing forces of Hate and Falsehood find

personification. In even larger sense than is conveyed by the words of the alleged prophecy of Brother John, THE KAISER IS THE ANTI-CHRIST OF THIS AGE.

The Mark of the Beast.

Focussing the present national character and purpose of imperial Germany, he focusses also the diabolic horror of the loosed wild beast of death and destruction—the *animalism* which in the true man is trained into obedience, tamed and held in leash by the Soul. Its emergence in the German ruler is plainly atavistic, as is all disease and especially mental disease—a reversion to the primitive nature and traits of the brute and the savage.

German triumph in this war is simply unthinkable. It would mean nothing less than the subjugation and enslavement of humanity. Such enslavement to a military despotism would involve enslavement to the baser passions and lusts of humanity crowned in Nietzsche's "Superman."

It would mean the trampling in the dust of every high and holy ideal that now beckons man upward and onward; the crushing out of every noble and generous sentiment of the human heart. More, it would mean—should we fail in our high duty at this supreme hour—the grace-

less and cowardly surrender of all the glorious and hard-won gains embodied in whatever is true and precious in the civilizations of the freedom-loving peoples of Europe and America, of all that is noble in the soul of the Orient. It would mean an abasement of the Soul of Man in the dust before the Golden Calf, a reversion to the foul idolatry of Moloch and of Baal, the enthroning of Mammon—Prince of Darkness, *the acceptance of the rule and dominion of Anti-christ.*

The Eternal Conflict.

Such a consummation cannot be contemplated as among the possibilities. It is not possible for Germany to win in this war simply because it is not possible for the men of Britain to be so supine as to permit it. M. Jean Delville, the famous Belgian artist, poet and prophet, painter of the famous panels in the Palace of Justice at Brussels, in a recent interview printed in the *Christian Commonwealth*, told of the conception that had come to him, in the midst of the stress and terror of the war, of a great canvas he wishes to paint. He sees a great black horse with a tremendous figure in black at the head of a spreading army; and against the background a figure in white of heroic proportions, THE CHRIST, who has

stretched out his hands to stay the advance of the black army—an apocalyptic conception of the eternal struggle between Evil and Good, between War and Peace.

"To me," went on M. Delville, "the true significance of this war is the struggle between Evil and Good which it emblazons. The German Kaiser is a sort of incarnation of the evil of the world, and his struggle is against the Christian civilization. All Germany is under the domination of the 'nature' philosophy, the ideal of brute force which has bred a kind of collective egotism that finds expression in its ruthless policies and its militarist organization."

Action Demanded.

We all know that it is the man of imagination, the true artist and poet, that may be trusted to see the truth clearly when it comes to the great events of life. On this account, it is a pleasure to be able to cite the views of an artist-poet which are so completely in line with the argument set forth in this brochure. This argument, assuredly, must prove to be that which voices most compelling demand for decision and for action.

The choice between Christ and Kaiser, then, is the choice between God and Mammon: between the glory of the True and the shame and

infamy of the False; between Freedom and Slavery. It is the choice between the life more abundant, the life beautiful and affluent which Christ comes into the heart that a man may have, and the living death of subjection to the tyranny of a military despotism under which, by a Circe-like witchery, men are changed into beasts, in being robbed of all that makes life worth living.

Entire Consecration.

We shall only make such a dreadful consummation an utter impossibility, however, by the fullest and speediest consecration of the entire nation and of every individual man and woman in it to the cause of the conquering Christ. Let each of us give and serve to the uttermost in whatever capacity he can best aid King and Country in the achievement of the great task of *all*—the Lion's task of gaining a complete and decisive victory for the arms of the Allies.

No man can tell another his duty. That is something which, facing God and his own soul, each must answer for himself. What we do know is that there is need on the firing line for every man who is fit physically and of military age. But the post of honour is wherever one can serve best. We know also

that there is pressing need and demand for every man at all available for military service in the lines of home defence.

There is not a man or a woman in the realm who cannot, directly or indirectly, *do something or give something* for the great cause of all. The summons to the great marriage feast of the Bride and the Lamb has gone forth. Let us have no excuses! Land or merchandize, to buy or sell, wives to marry, parents to bury, or oxen to try, can wait until the war is over and we have attended to *the first thing first.* Again the question asked by your own conscience is sounded in your ears and in your heart: "*Under which banner?*"

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness
thereof; the world and they that dwell therein.
"Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, and
the King of Glory shall come in.
"Who is this King of Glory? The Lord strong
and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.
"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift
them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of
Glory shall come in.
"Who is this King of Glory? The Lord of hosts
He is the King of Glory."

NOTE.—The author will be glad to have every reader of this appeal who decides to act upon it communicate the fact with particulars by postal card or letter addressed to Paul Tyner, 40, Courtfield Gardens, South Kensington, London, S.W. And if there are any who desire further help toward a decision, let them write as freely. We are all brothers in the grand work of bringing in the reign of universal peace—the peace which is so well worth fighting for.